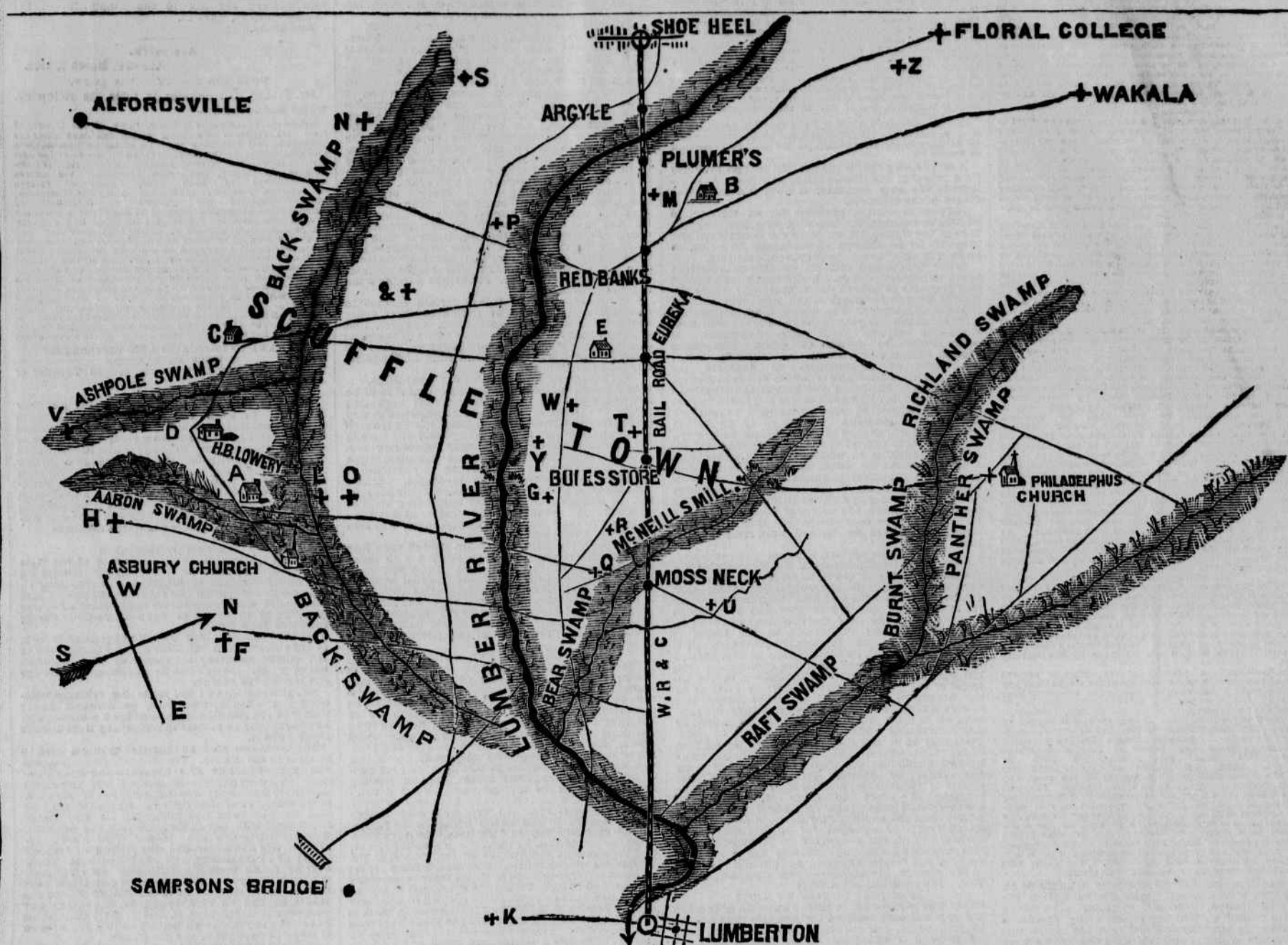


LAND OF THE LOWERYS.

Map of the Seat of War in North Carolina---Scene of the Exploits of the Outlaws.



REFERENCES TO PLACES INDICATED BY LETTERS ON THE MAP.

- A—Henry Berry Lowery's Cabin.
- B—George Applewhite's.
- C—George Dial's.
- D—Zach McLaughlin's.
- E—Patrick Lowery's.
- F—Barnes Killed, December, 1864.
- G—Brant Harris Killed, February, 1865.
- H—Norment Killed, March, 1870.
- K—King Killed, January, 1869.
- L—Inman Killed, April, 1871.
- M—Outlaw Applewhite Shot, April, 1871.
- N—Zach McLaughlin Killed, 1871.
- O—Detective Sanders Killed, November, 1870.

- P—Davis Killed, October, 1870.
- Q—Taylor Killed—"Make" Sanderson Killed, January, 1871.
- R—H. B. Lowery's Cousins Killed, 1864.
- S—The McLains Killed, 1871.
- T—The McNeills and Archie Brown Killed, August, 1871.
- U—Oxendines Whipped.
- V—Joe Thompson's Slave Killed, 1866.
- W—Ben Betha Killed, 1871.
- Y—Wiregrass Landing.
- Z—Henry Revels Killed, 1871.
- &—Allan Lowery and Son Murdered, 1866.
- Mr. Carlisle Killed, 1868.

Twenty-eight Lives Lost in the War on Both Sides.

to get our living peacefully and we must take it from others. We don't kill anybody but the Ku Klux."

A steady moral decline and growing atrocity has been remarked of Henry Berry Lowery, but he has committed no outrages on women and no arson. His confidence and sense of lonely and desperate independence have become more marked. A cool, grim, murderous humor has gained upon him, and he is a trifle fond of his distinction. Frequent exhibitions of magnanimity distinguish his bloody course and he has learned to arrogate to himself a protectorate over the interests of the mulattoes, which they return by a sort of hero-worship. There is not, probably, a negro in Southtown who would betray him, and his prowess is a household word in every black family in sea-board Carolina. His consistent and

UNFLINCHING METHOD OF WARFARE has gained him awe among the whites, amounting nearly to respect, and by a certain integrity in word and performance he has come to deal with all the community as an absolute and yet not wilful dictator. Like the rattlesnake of the swamps, he sends warning before he kills, and only in robbery is remorseless and sudden. The family is divided in verdict upon his conduct. Patrick, Sinclair and Furdy, who are Methodists, speak pretty much in these terms (quoted from Patrick Lowery, who is a preacher):—"My brother Harry had provoked—the same all of us had—when they killed my old father. But he has got to be a bad man, and I pray the Lord to remove him from this world, if he'll only repent first."

AN ANTE-BELLUM EPISODE. A good deal of the above is probably deceitful. The current opinion of Southtown is as follows, in the language of an aged colored woman at Shoe Heel:—"Massta," she said, "Henry Berry Lowery ain't gwyng to kill nobody but them that wants to kill him. He's just a paying those white people back for killing his old father, brother and cousins. His ole mother I knew right well, and she says, 'My boys ain't doing right, but I can't help it; I can only jess pray for 'em. They want a brought up to do all this misery and lead this yer kind of life.' Massta," resumed Aunt Phoebe, "this used to be a dreadful hard country for pore niggers. Do you see my teeth up yer, Massta?"

The old woman drew her lip back with her finger and showed the empty gum, with

ONLY A TOOTH AT EACH SIDE.

"My massta—his name's MacQueen (or MacQuade)—knocked 'em all out wid an oak stick. God knows I worked for him wid all my might; but, you see, he was a keepin' black women and his wife gwine to leave him, he wanted me to say she had black men, and I'd a died first! He whipped me and beat me, and at last he struck me wid a stick over de mouf, and Massta, I jess put my hand up to catch de blood and all de teeth dropped in de palm of my hand. Oh, dis was a hard country, and Henry Berry Lowery's jess a payin' 'em back. He's only a payin' 'em back! I's better days for de black people now. Massta, he's jess de king of dis country."

This is a perfectly liberal version of a Christian old woman's talk. Bandit and robber as he is, and bloodstained with many murders, this Lowery's crimes scarcely take relief from the blotched background of an intolerant social condition, where the image of God was outraged by slavery through two hundred years of bleeding, suffering and submitting. The black Nemesis is up, playing the Ku Klux for himself, and for many a coming generation the housewives of North Carolina will frighten the children with tales of Lowery's band. Still, the fellow is a cold-blooded, malignant, murderous being, without defenders even among republicans.

MURDER OF SHERIFF REUBEN KING. The first great crime succeeding the killing of Brant Harris was committed in the motive of house robbery upon a highly esteemed old citizen of advanced years, the Sheriff of Robeson county, Reuben King. This happened on the night of January 23, 1869.

Henry Berry Lowery has since said that he had no intention of accomplishing the death of this gentleman, but that, being poor and aware that King had a quantity of money in his possession, "the boys" wanted to rob him, and had no notion of putting him out of the world. After being shot King lingered till the 13th of March, and his ante-mortem statements, added to the confession of Henderson Oxendine, one of the robbers, give us a complete history of the tragedy. Lowery alleges that he whipped George Applewhite, the negro who fired the fatal shot; but this may be mere cunning, and, besides, the bandit has charged the crime upon John Dial, the State's witness.

The ruffians, hearing that King was possessed of considerable money, came down from Southtown and hid in a thicket near his house, which was two miles south of Lumberton. There they built a fire to warm themselves, and, being only partly armed, they cut bludgeons from the swamp and trimmed them.

Dial remarked, "The old Sheriff may resist us!"

"If he does," exclaimed Boss Strong, "we'll kill him!"

They blackened their faces to disguise their identity and race more securely, and then, to the number of eight or nine, moved, with the stealth of Indians, up to the dwelling of the hale old gentleman. Sheriff King was reading the report of a recent Baptist Convention beside his fireplace. In another part of the room—the parlor—Edward Ward, one of his neighbors, who had come to pass the night, was reading a book. Suddenly the door was pushed open and

A ROW OF BLACKENED, HIDIOUS FACES appeared over the threshold, while a gun barrel was pointed at King, and an imperative voice said:—"Surrender!"

The man Ward sat as if paralyzed. The Sheriff, roused at the summons from his book, scarcely understood the situation. By a fatal, instinctive movement he leaped up and seized the menacing firearm and bent it down toward the door. Henry Berry Lowery, the holder of it, struggled at the butt and bent it up again, and in the wrestle the piece was discharged into the parlor floor, burning and scarring the boards there. By this time the closeness of the encounter and the Sheriff's stiff and powerful hold upon the gun had brought his body around so that his back was toward the open door. At this instant a pistol, at close quarters, was fired into the old man's head from behind, and he fell to the floor in agony. The robbers immediately, and without show of resistance, fired at Edward Ward and felled him with a wound which lasted for months.

The females of the family rushed in and stood horrified spectators of the misery of the two men. The blackened and excited faces of the robbers struck them with additional terror.

"Water!" gasped the bleeding Sheriff; "I am burning up! For God's sake give me some water!"

"God damn you!" cried one of the villains, "what did you fight for?"

"YOU SHAN'T HAVE WATER!"

It was a scene of indescribable bloodiness—the screaming women, menaced by the resolute robbers; the groaning victims, the disguised faces of the fiends and their lust for plunder paramount. No wonder that Henry Berry Lowery, ashamed of the remembrance, threatens to shoot any man who says he took part in the performance.

After a little time one of the women was allowed to go and get water, while the rest were locked up under guard. Then the robbers ransacked the house, opened trunk after trunk and took some of them out in the yard to investigate their contents. They finally made their escape laden with plunder, and it was not until John Dial pointed out the place where they had cut clubs in the swamp and built the fire that the whole matter was exposed. Dial has now been in jail at Whitesville two years. Two of the persons concerned in this murder have been condemned and escaped, two are in jail and one was hanged.

THE ONLY BANDIT HANGED.

Henderson Oxendine was finally arrested at the house of his brother-in-law, George Applewhite, the negro, while waiting for Mrs. Applewhite to be conducted. The authorities, aware of the condition of the culprit's sister, stayed around the house all night and got in at daylight, supposing Applewhite to be there. They at once arrested Henderson Oxendine and Pop Oxendine. The persons named as present at the murder of Sheriff King, in 1869, were John Dial, Stephen Lowery, George Applewhite, Henderson Oxendine and Calvin Oxendine. These at least were in the custody of the officers at one time, while Henry Berry Lowery, Boss Strong and

others, also present, were at large. Steve Lowery and George Applewhite were condemned to be hanged, when, prematurely, the majority of the prisoners, among them the condemned, dug their way out of the prison.

When Henderson Oxendine was hanged there were about thirty-five persons present in the small jail yard, but the tree tops overlooking the enclosure were filled with whites and negroes. The gallows was of the rudest construction, built against the high picket fence of the jail, with a trap, which was held up by a rope passing over the short beam and secured behind the upright post by a wooden clamp, so that it could be severed by the blow of a hatchet.

Oxendine's mother came to the jail the morning of the execution and consoled with her boy. He was a thin-jawed, columnar-necked, wild, whitish mulatto, with ears set back like a keen dog's, a good forehead, piercing, almost staring round eyes, with dark, barbaric lights in them, a nose eminent for its alert nostril, and a longish, pear-bottomed chin, set with thin, dirty beard, and a mouth of African suggestion. Pride and stoicism were in his expression, and, negro-like, he sung a couple of hymns on the gallows out of the Baptist collection.

His executioner was a Northern rough, named Marden, or Marsden, a waif from somewhere, who resembled a sailor's boarding house runner, and was of lower estate than the Lowerys. This is one of the beings who has rung himself in on the people of Robeson county, ostensibly as a detective. He pinioned Oxendine and then severed the supporting rope with the hatchet. No attempt at rescue was made.

THE MURDER OF OWEN C. NORMENT.

The first murder committed in cold blood for revenge was upon the person of Owen C. Norment, who lived four miles from the hut of Henry Berry Lowery and eight miles from Red Banks station. His house was also three miles from Alfordsville, on the road to Lumberton, and not far from the dwelling of a white desperado called Zach McLaughlin. Aaron Swamp, a feeder of Back Swamp, was near Norment's house. This murder was committed by Zach McLaughlin, by order of Henry Berry Lowery, who, with his command, was posted near. It was the first white man killed by the gang since 1864, a lapse of more than five years.

Norment was an overbearing ex-slaveholder, who had shot a man dead at Charlotte, N. C., for calling him a liar, and had been tried for it and acquitted. He had very black hair, whiskers and eyes, and weighed about one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His offense was raising the people against the Lowerys, hearing loud noises, as of the stirring up of domestic animals, the rattling of wagon chains, &c., outside of his house, Norment walked out in the dusk of a Saturday evening and asked who was present. Hearing somebody moving in the dusk, he called for his wife to give him his gun. Almost

IMMEDIATELY A GUN WAS FIRED only ten feet from Norment and he was shattered in the lower members and elsewhere with shot and ball. He fell instantly, and being removed to the house, a servant was despatched for a physician. Dr. Dick obeyed the summons, and being driven in a mule buggy by one of the brigades, they were greeted, one mile from Norment's house, with a discharge of firearms, which killed the mule and forced the driver and the doctor to take to the woods. The same night Archie Graham, a neighbor, was shot and dangerously wounded, and also Ben MacMillan, another onlooker. The house of a Mr. J. J. Dabner on the Elizabeth road, was also fired into and his dog killed. The robbers held carnival that night and resumed the reign of terror.

Norment's leg was amputated, but the doctor was nervous, as the wounds were fatal, for he died on Monday morning, thirty-six hours after being shot, leaving a wife and three children.

MURDER OF JOE THOMPSON'S SLAVE.

The Lowerys had once been slaveholders, and Henry Berry always refers to the full blacks as

"niggers." A good while prior to the time of the killing of Norment the Lowery gang shot dead a negro belonging to one Joe Thompson, who lived at Ashpole Swamp, sixteen miles from Lumberton, and was a neighbor of Henry Berry Lowery. The band had robbed Thompson's house of bedclothing, &c., and, thinking of some story relative to their doings which the negro had told, they shot him dead at his own shop. Then they ordered Thompson's driver to gear up the family carriage and drive them home, which he did, and they left the vehicle not far from Henry Berry Lowery's house. This must have been about at the close of the war, for the driver narrates that three United States deserters or escaped prisoners were then with the mulatto robbers.

THE PART OF ZACH MCLAUGHLIN.

This Zach McLaughlin, who is alleged to have inflicted the mortal wound upon Mr. Norment, met with a fate justly deserved. He was a native of Scotland, and one of a low, sensual, heathenish type of white men, who consorted with mulattoes and spent his low energies in seducing mulatto girls and women. Having laid out in the swamps with the Stronges, Lowerys and Applewhite, he picked up an almost equally renegade white by the name of Biggs, when, one evening, the twin met at a mulatto shanty upon an identical object—namely, a mulatto syren. As they quitted the place to go to a house of ill-fame, said to Biggs, with an oath:—"I'll kill you right here unless you join with me and rob the smokehouses and shanties of some of these freedmen. We want you with our crowd, and you've got to come or die."

Biggs assented to his statement that he went, out of the fear of death, and helped in the robberies of that night, but privately made up his mind to escape from McLaughlin or to kill him.

McLaughlin finally grew very drunk, and insisted upon building a fire at a place in the swamp and resting there. These two men were now quite separated from other companionship, and when the fire was lighted McLaughlin, who possessed a monopoly of the arms, compelled Biggs to sleep between himself and the burning brands, while he, meantime, bent ashore over the burning blaze and rolled, and moving, and finally by jostling McLaughlin. Remembering his description of his pistols, and in particular one pistol, which was described as

NEVER MISSING FIRE.

Biggs managed to pull it from the sheath in McLaughlin's belt. With this he shot the white outlaw through and through and then slipped away into the swamp to see if he moved. The drunken beast being perfectly dead, Biggs made his way to Lumberton and related the story. Search was made, and on the spot of ground indicated, beside the extinguished fire, the bloody carcass of McLaughlin was discovered. Just previous to this affair—November 9, 1871—McLaughlin and Tom Lowery had escaped from Lumberton jail by availing themselves of a loose iron bar and wrenching the grates of the jail windows.

Biggs received \$400 for his two shots into McLaughlin's body. He has figured in a subordinate degree since that time as a volunteer to capture the outlaw chief. McLaughlin was altogether a meaner specimen of mankind than the Stronges and Lowerys.

THE MURDER OF STEVE DAVIS.

On the 3d of October, 1870, the Lowery band of outlaws appeared at the house of Angus Leach, near Floral College (female), and proceeded to seize a large quantity of native brandy, distilled there for the fruit-growing neighbors—some say brandy designed to evade the revenue laws.

Lowery's band was alert and fond of strong drink, and they seized all the available vessels at hand—kogs, pitchers, pots and measures—to transport the liquor. Unwilling to despoil without inflicting pain, they struck old Angus Leach over the

hip with a gun stock, disabling him, and a negro man, showing some solicitude for the blind property, they tied up, whipped him with a wagon trace and all his ears with a penknife. The liquor which they did not remove they destroyed before the United States revenue officer could find it.

Next night the persons who had placed their fruit, &c., for distillation at this place, started in pursuit of the fugitives. They found the whole party, very drunk, at George Applewhite's, between Red Banks and Plumer's station. Applewhite was an alert, thick-lipped, deep-browed, woolly-headed African, with a steadfast, brutal expression. Firing into the house the outlaws rushed out, well armed and spoiling for a fight. The neighbors wounded nearly every man of the party. Boss Strong was shot in the forehead, Henderson Oxendine in the arm and George Applewhite in the thigh.

Steve O. Davis, of Moore county, a fine young man and brave as youth dare be, rushed ahead of the party and forced the fighting in the swampy edge of the field where the outlaws were. Henry Berry Lowery took deliberate sight upon him and shot him through the back of the head. He fell dead.

THE MURDER OF CARLISLE.

I possess no data upon the murder of a Mr. Carlisle, who appears to have been killed in the early part of the open and announced warfare, except the record that some of the hot-blooded followers of Lowery's band were accused of the crime. One "Shoemaker John," not proven guilty of the murder of Mr. Carlisle, received a sentence of ten years in the State Penitentiary March 1, 1871, for burglary. He appeared to be glad of the opportunity to go safely to jail and to escape, on the one hand, the mob, and on the other the Lowery gang.

"DALL" BAKER.

In the fall of 1868 Daniel, or "Dall" Baker was shot in the leg while near Southtown, and his leg had to be amputated.

Several other shootings occurred about this time, and the war now being well understood, the citizens, volunteers, militia and two companies of United States troops started in to make a set campaign against the outlaws. Here some atrocities were committed properly belonging to this narrative.

Among the crimes of the Lowery band must be placed in legitimate context some of the more precipitate crimes committed against the mulattoes of Southtown by their white neighbors. Eight negroes have been killed by the whites episodically in the hunts for the Lowerys.

THE MURDER OF BEN BETHA.

Ben Betha was a full-blooded negro and a violent radical republican among his color, and he was used by the republican politicians to disseminate their doctrines and keep the color in Southtown united in vote and sentiment. He was what is called a praying politician, apt to be frenzied and loud in prayer and to exhort wildly, and he has cunning enough to ring politics and the wrongs of the colored people into his prayers, so that he might have been said to pray the whole ticket.

Last winter the democrats, having full possession of the county, and the Ku Klux going barefaced and undisguised through Samson, Richmond and the adjoining counties, it was resolved to make an example of this praying negro. The coroner of the county, Robert Chaslin, got a party ostensibly to hunt for Lowery, he being the pretext for all Ku Klux operations in Robeson, and it is alleged that some members of the party came out of Battery A, United States artillery, then posted in and about Southtown.

THE ROBBERY COUNTY KU KLUX seldom were disguised, the Lowery pretext covering all their operations. With eighteen young men they started towards Ben Betha's and the proposition was then sprung to take him out and kill him that night. Alarmed at this Chaslin, the MacQueens and some of the more prudent turned back, afraid of Judge Russell's bench warrants. Malcolm MacNeill now took command, and, at the head of

ten men, marched up to Ben Betha's door between twelve and one o'clock, and, rapping there, said to the negro as he appeared:—"Come out here! We want you." The darky seemed aware by their resolute faces that his hour, long threatened, had come, and he turned about and said to his wife—"Ole woman, I spects they's gwine to kill me. Mobbe I'll never come back no mo'."

"Go and get your hat!" was the next order, and then the negro was lifted out of the shanty, and for one quarter of a mile there was no sign of his well known foot tracks. The fact was that he had been lifted on a horse and ridden off a quarter of a mile, so as to hide his traces. The tracks reappeared after a certain distance, and the negro was never heard of after that night, but was found dead, shot through and through. Judge Russell called upon the Grand Jury to indict every man of this party; but the Grand Jury, with that proverbial Southern justice manifested towards the negro,

IGNORED THE HILL.

And then the Judge, with almost extra judicial severity, put his written protest on the records of the Court, and denounced the action of the Grand Jury as outrageous. He then issued his bench warrant, and outlawed every man concerned in the killing of Betha, and all they ran out of the country. Malcolm MacNeill went to Baltimore, where he is a clerk in a store, and his brother has fled to Mississippi. This happened only a few months ago.

The negro waiter in the hotel at Lumberton said to me in the presence of several white men of the town:—"They say they go up to Southtown to hunt Lowery; but I never knew them to go there without killing some innocent person."

THE MURDER OF HENRY REVELS.

The murder of Henry Revels, a mulatto boy, is another case in point. One night Dr. Smith, who resides north of Southtown, came into that settlement and said he had been shot at on the road by somebody. Dr. Smith was a brother of Colonel Smith, the democratic Treasurer of the county, and also a merchant at Shoe Heel. Putting their heads together the Shoe Heelers concluded that the fellow was Henry Revels, a likely mulatto, who had become a leading republican and was somewhat saucy around that region. He had been brought up by Hugh Johnson and made a body servant, so that he had a better appearance and more intelligence than the ordinary run of Southtowners.

Fifteen or sixteen men on horseback and in buggies started out from Shoe Heel and rode six miles off, to Johnson's place, and took young Revels by force out of the house, telling him not to open his mouth. They carried him to the vicinity of Floral College, where resided the Rev. Mr. Coble, chaplain on the occasion of the killing of old Allan Lowery. There Revels was shot dead and his carcass thrown behind a woodpile. The negroes found the carcass and called up the reverend divine to identify it. Coble, by this time not anxious to fall into the hands of Judge Russell, had the coroner cited, but before a jury could be summoned some person concerned in the murder took the body and hid it in a mudhole, where the negroes again discovered it and the inquest was held.

Warrants were issued for these Ku Klux, and put in the hands of John MacNeill, of Smith township, the constable there, but he failed to do his duty, and all the parties ran away.

THE OXENDINES SHOT AND WHIPPED.

This MacNeill, although a constable and head of the militia in his township, was personally concerned in the outrage on the Oxendines. Hearing that Tom Lowery, one of the outlaws, was dead, and wishing to prove it and discover the body, perhaps for the purpose of getting the reward, it was resolved to pay the Oxendines a visit. They went to the house of Jesse Oxendine, son of John, who

was working quietly at turpentine-making, and MacNeill said:—"Where is Tom Lowery buried?"

John Oxendine replied that he did not know, and was not aware that he was dead. The constable's posse then put a strap around the neck of Oxendine, and, passing it over the limb of a tree, hung him up, but the man's weight broke the limb. They hung him to a second limb, but the sapling bent toward the ground. Then they put the strap around his neck so that the ends hung over, and two men pulled it each way until the negro grew black in the face. Nearly at the same time they shot another of the Oxendines, at his own gate post, through both hands. Bench warrants were issued, but they could not have them served by the Sheriff or the United States officers, and the fifteen or twenty men concerned in the outrage went out of the county for a while until the thing blew over. In this brutal way the hunt for Henry Berry Lowery goes on, and the people who cannot catch him revenge themselves upon his neighbors.

THE MURDER OF "MAKE" SANDERSON.

The murder of Make Sanderson—Make meaning Malcolm—would have been fully investigated had it not been for the fact that Tom Russell, a brother of the republican Judge Russell, was one of the party who murdered him, and the Judge let the subject drop on that account. Make Sanderson was a mulatto of such light skin that before the war he enjoyed the general privileges of whites. He married a sister of Henderson Oxendine, who was afterwards hanged at Lumberton, Sanderson's wife being also the daughter of John Oxendine, who was a half brother of old Allan Lowery, father of the Lowery gang. There appears to have been nothing charged against Make Sanderson except his relationship by marriage to the Lowery family. It is generally asserted that he was a harmless man, "bossed" by his wife. On one of the periodical futile raids for Henry Berry Lowery the militia, or the volunteers, among whom was Murdoch MacLain, John Taylor, the Pursells, Tom Russell and others, arrested Make Sanderson and Andrew Strong, and, tying their wrists together, thought that the blood came, marched them to the house of Mr. Inman, a republican, and father of the boy afterwards

KILLED BY THE LOWERYS.

At Inman's they got a plough line, and, tying the two more securely, then marched the pair to John Taylor's, who lived about two miles from Moss Neck. As John Taylor had gone over to the house of his father-in-law, William C. MacNeill, the march was continued to that point, and here, in the dusk, the party stopped in MacNeill's lane, sending messages to and fro until dark. The object of this was to keep the crime within the circle and not put the MacNeills in danger of Henry Berry Lowery's vengeance. While the negroes were tied together Andrew Strong, certain that he was going to be shot, gave his penknife to Ben Strickland, another negro, and told him to give it to his wife, because it was all that he had in the world, and he should never see her again. This latter point came out as circumstantial evidence, because afterwards John Taylor attempted to deny that he ever had Andrew Strong in custody when he was brought before the Court for the murder of Make Sanderson.

At dark both negroes were brought up to William C. MacNeill's yard, and all the party of captives took food on the piazza, and while there John Taylor, a black-eyed, black-haired, bearded, resolute man and the most determined hunter that ever started against the Lowerys, walked out of the house upon the piazza. Both the negroes fell on their knees and held up their hands, bound as they were, and cried:—"O, Mr. Taylor, save my life! Save my life!"

A KU KLUX NERO.

Taylor drew back with his foot half raised, as if about to kick them, and he said, bitterly:—"If all the mulatto blood in this country was in you two, and with one kick I could kick it out, I would send you all to hell together with my foot."

The negroes were then taken across MacNeill's dam, where John Taylor, within a few weeks was to lead dead with the roof of his head shot off, and marched to the woods north of Moss Neck station, about one mile, until the party reached a sort of wild land in the lonely country. John Taylor did not accompany the party, but the two MacNeills did, and also Murdoch MacLain, Tom Russell, some of the Pursells, and John Patterson, of Richmond county. Andrew Strong, who afterwards related these incidents to his lawyer, says that himself and Make Sanderson were now made to stand up together, and asked if they had anything to say, because they had now got to die along with this their hats were pulled down over their eyes with an ostentatious of pity. Andrew MacLain, who appeared to be the captain, then cried out:—"The shooting party will be Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Step out!"

Andrew Strong asserts that No. 2 was "Sandy" MacNeill, brother-in-law of John Taylor. Make Sanderson, who appeared perfectly resigned, asked if they would give him time to pray. After a little conference the answer was:—"Yes, you may pray."

Strong says that Make Sanderson then fell on his knees and made the most wonderful prayer that he ever heard in his life, the words ringing with his loud, frenzied utterances as he spoke of his wife and children, and finally, negro fashion, he became so earnest that one of the fellows, who had a towel wrapped around his head—as had the majority—stepped up and hit Sanderson with the butt of a pistol, saying:—"Shut up, you damned nigger! You shan't make any such noise as this if you are going to be shot!"

AFTER THE PRAYER

there was some little delay among the assassins. Some of them were evidently growing frightened between the prospects of vengeance from Sanderson's connections and Judge Russell's Court. This interval Andrew Strong improved to loosen, little by little, the rope which tied his wrists to Sanderson's, and suddenly getting his hand out he rushed into the woods and ran like a deer. They riddled the woods with buckshots and ball, but never saw him again until he appeared against John Taylor and others in the Court at Lumberton. The remaining negro, who exhibited no desire to run, being a weak fellow, without much staminal, was taken back to the mill dam by MacNeill's house, for the party had lost spirits and feared that the other negro would inform upon them. Here, it is said, they consulted with John Taylor, who said that indecision would do no good, and that now the negro had better be killed, since his companions would spread the tidings.

For two days Make Sanderson was not seen. John Taylor and all the band denied having encountered him at all.

A negro found him below the mill tail, in the swampy place behind the mill, shot in the abdomen with a great quantity of buckshot, and then again shot in the back of the neck, in such close quarters that his hair was burned as by the flash of a pistol. The man looked as if he had just been shot and then endeavored to grope his way up out of the water, for the palms of his hands and fingers were torn. The body was deposited in MacNeill's mill and then hastily buried, but the Magistrate of Lumberton, Parson Sinclair, had it disinterred and the inquest held. The verdict was, "Shot by parties unknown to the jury."

Magistrate Sinclair issued warrants for the leaders in this affair, and sent them to prison without bail; but Judge Russell, notwithstanding the high nature of his offense, released John Taylor on a bond of \$500, supposedly because Tom Russell was in the transaction.

When Henry Berry Lowery heard that John Taylor was out on \$500 bail, and that this was considered security enough for the murder of his relative, he said:—"WELL, I WILL KILL JOHN TAYLOR; there is no law for us mulattoes!"

Three weeks afterwards, as John Taylor crossed the mill dam, coming down from the house of his father-in-law to the station, the gang of outlaws rose from the swamp within thirty yards of the place where Sanderson had been killed, and Henry Berry Lowery shot the skull and brains out of Taylor and then robbed him of his pocketbook. Thus perished a man brave, zealous, active and a good citizen to all but negroes, whom, with the old-fashioned contempt of slaveholders, he regarded, in the language of Judge Taney, as "without rights that white men were bound to respect."

Here my letter exceeds bounds, and I will try to finish up the bloody recitation in one more article.